The 1940

Centerika

Center High School

The Centerika

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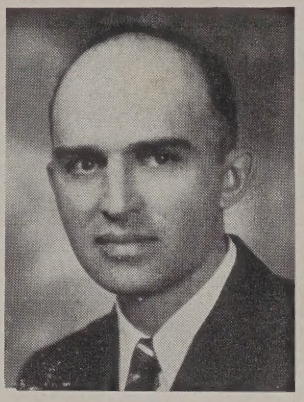
BACK ROW—Left to right—John Miller, Myrtle Gosnell, Ada Brenneman, Billy Swartzendruber, Daniel Brenneman.

Dedication

M. F. PALMER

To M. F. Palmer, who has given his unselfish support and cooperation to the improvement of the educational interests of our community, we, the class of 1940, dedicate this, the thirteenth annual of Center High School.

Board of Education



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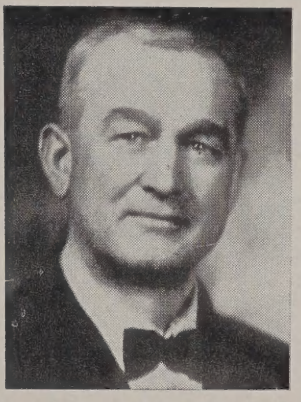

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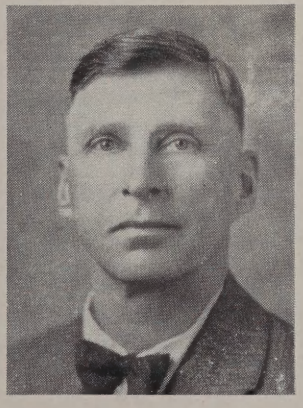

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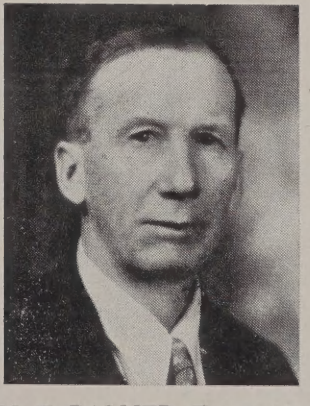

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Faculty

J. F. SWARTZENDRUBER

Superintendent
A.B. Iowa 1935
Graduate work — Iowa

Mathematics
Science
Manual Training
Economics

IRENE NASH

A.B. John Fletcher 1939

English
History

MARY K. BONTRAGER

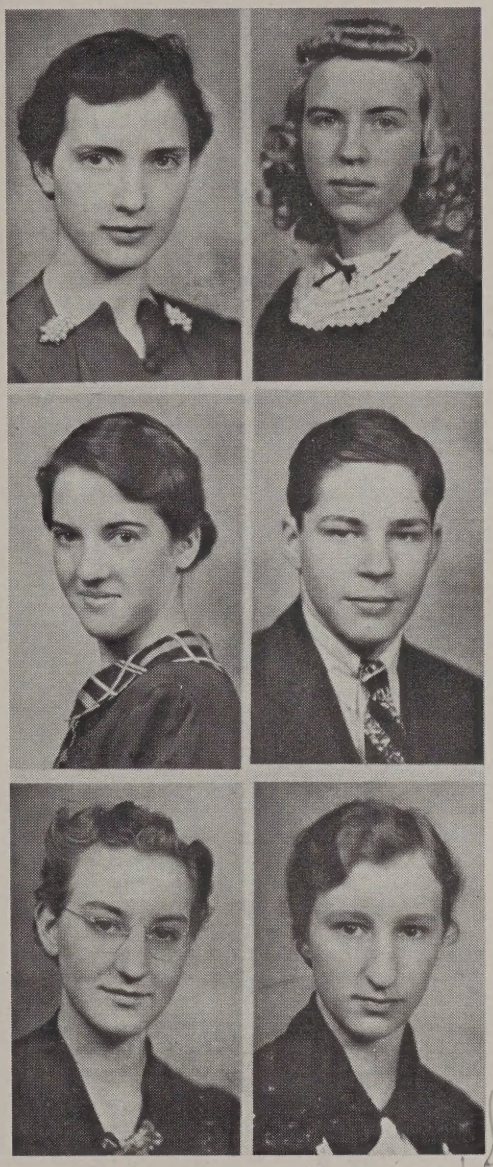
Grades

Senior Class

CARLEY JUNE ERB
"C. J."
Class President, '37
Class Vice-president, '39, '40
Centerika Staff, '38, '39, '40
News Editor, '40
Declamatory, '37, '38, '39, '40
International Student Society, '40
Music, '37, '38, '39, '40
Basketball, '37, '39, '40
Diamond ball, '37, '39, '40
"Ruth in a Rush," '37
"He Troups to Conquer," '38
"An Old Kentucky Garden," '39
"Dav'd Copperfield," '39
"Cyclone Sally," '40

ADA RUTH BRENNEMAN
"Ruth"
Class President, '39
Class Vice-president, '38
Declamatory, '37, '39, '40
News Editor, '39
Assistant Editor, '40
"Ruth in a Rush," '37
"Prize Pigs," '38
"Three Taps on a Wall," '38
"David Copperfield," '39
"Cyclone Sally," '40
Centerika Staff, '38, '40
International Student Society, '38, '40
Diamond ball, '39, '40
Basketball, '39, '40

MARY ELLEN SWARTZENDRUBER
"M. E."
Pianist, '38, '39, '40
Music, '37, '38, '39, '40
Declamatory, '37, '39, '40
Centerika Staff, '39, '40
Diamond ball, '37, '38, '39, '40
Basketball, '37, '38, '39, '40
News Editor, '40
International Student Society, '38
Class Secretary-treasurer, '40
"Ruth in a Rush," '37
"Prize Pigs," '38
"Three Taps on a Wall," '38
"Dav'd Copperfield," '39
"An Old Kentucky Garden," '39
"Cyclone Sally," '40



ALBERTA JANE HINCKLEY
"Blondie"
Canoga Park High School, '37
Class President, '38
President International Student Society, '38
Assistant News Editor, '38, '39
Declamatory, '39
Centerika Staff, '39, '40
"Prize Pigs," '38
"Three Taps on a Wall," '38
"Dav'd Copperfield," '39
Basketball, '39, '40
Diamond ball, '37, '38, '39

RAYMOND D. MOORE
"Rev."
Class Secretary-treasurer, '37
Centerika Staff, '38, '39, '40
Declamatory, '37, '38, '39, '40
"Tom Sawyer," '37
"Dress Reversal," '38
"An Old Kentucky Garden," '39
"David Copperfield," '39
"Sue," '40
"Cyclone Sally," '40
Diamond ball, '38, '39, '40
Basketball, '38, '39, '40
International Student Society, '40

HELEN JANETTE SLAUBAUGH
"H. J."
Class President, '40
Class Vice-president, '37
Class Secretary-treasurer, '39
Centerika Staff, '38, '40
Declamatory, '37, '38, '39, '40
International Student Society, '38, '40
Music, '37, '38, '39
Diamond ball, '39, '40
"Three Taps on a Wall," '38
"Ruth in a Rush," '37
"Dav'd Copperfield," '39
"An Old Kentucky Garden," '39
"Cyclone Sally," '40

Editorials

The Folly of War

What is war that some men seem to glory in it? Surely they know the horrors of war. Is it that those who cause war have forgotten the beauties and pleasant memories of youth that they can so ruthlessly kill the youth that now have taken their places?

We don't know just what is in the minds of these men but I think that those who are responsible for war should rightfully be placed in the class with our most dangerous criminals. I don't believe that anyone will ever be able to explain just why the mass of people should be made to sacrifice their lives for the selfish motives of a few.

Why is it, then, when a young boy who has not had a fair chance in life and not had a Christian home in which he should have gotten a good training, must always be punished so severely for a mistake in life? Usually they are influenced by older and more experienced men who should rightfully be made to pay for part of the crime.

I think all those put to death in prisons would probably have proved themselves worthy and useful if they had only been given another chance. In contrast to this picture are the rulers and dictators who have proved, by their positions, that they have had this chance, and still go on unpunished for the killing of thousands of innocent people, young and old alike.

War seems to be justified by the world today. Why is it that such a horrible and grim crime should be justified as something which must be in order to distribute land and establish justice throughout the earth?

Today we have a good example of this fact in European countries. They insist that to have peace on the continent they must first have war to bring the people of one nationality together and prevent strife and envy among the other countries. To anyone who stops and thinks about it, it is obviously a very foolish idea.

Is it justice when families are broken up and fathers and mothers who were once so proud of their children must see their young boys marching to the "march of death" and their little ones at home, killed before their very eyes? Picture the bloody battlefields where the half-crazed soldiers slaughter each other in cold blood and go on carelessly from day to day leaving their dying buddies lying by their sides. Also try to imagine the horror and fright of the people in a blazing city after the bombing planes have finished their work for the day.

Although the stories and pictures of war are horrible, I think it quite impossible for us, who are not actually fighting, to grasp the full meaning of the word "war".

Surely no sane person really glories in war! We probably know that as long as there is anyone on the earth, there will be fighting and strife among men. Although at times it seems very far off, we must all keep praying for a time in the future when there will be no war and the "war to end war" will be over.

—Assistant Editor.

The Blessings of Adversity

"Sweet are the uses of adversity"—no, this is not misquoted, although most of us would naturally prefer "sweet are the uses of prosperity". How often we hear people idly saying, "Oh, if I only were as prosperous as so and so!"—or indulging in envious remarks about people who are only materially prosperous.

Everybody shrinks from misfortune and adversities. Yet, isn't it true that afterwards, more often than not, people say it was good for them? Suppose a man with his heart centered on riches, by some misfortune, loses all his wealth. Proportionately, his character is enriched, unless there wasn't the true fiber of character in him from the beginning. He now becomes rich in sympathy for other people and makes himself a part of them.

It is said that the beautiful gem found in the ocean, the pearl, is not merely a natural form but is the result of an injury or scar in the oyster. The pearl is formed through the protection built up around the injury. Why not build up pearls of purest sheen around the injuries we receive in our life's journey?

Even physical injuries fit into this plan Quoting the "Nazarene"—"He that does not suffer thinks he stands upon a mighty rock which he himself has raised. He

(Continued on Page 7)

Editorials

(Continued from Page 6)

does not see his brother—he sees only himself."—But not so after suffering. Let us briefly consider two outstanding "unfortunates" who have turned their liabilities into assets—Helen Keller and John Bunyan. What greater handicap can there be than blindness? Yet, by the aid of her talented teacher, Anne Sullivan, Miss Keller made full use of her talents and now is an inspiration to thousands. John Bunyan was imprisoned for his religious and political beliefs—the son of a tinker. This did not end his activity by any means. Instead of stagnation and silence he produced his famous book "Pilgrim's Progress", which, in circulation, ranks second only to the Bible. Consider these lives and also other examples. Let us cease complaints and think instead of the sweet uses of adversity—for they are there.

—Editor, '40.

Class History

In the year 1936 the good ship "Class of 1940" left port and entered out upon the Sea of Higher Education manned by a crew of ten. The captain, Carley June, was aided by first mate Helen, and second mate Raymond, and seven crew members, Ada, Mary Ellen, Betty Brenneman, Treva Beard, Dean Kesselring, Bertha Miller and Ellis Swartzendruber In the first year of the voyage members of the class assisted in the plays, "Tom Sawyer" and "Ruth in a Rush". Dean, Treva, Mary Ellen, and Carley June represented us in basketball.

The next lap of our voyage found only seven members on board. Dean and Treva boarded another ship and Ellis sailed away on a yacht for Florida. Bertha took a life boat for port, but Alberta Jane, who had spent her first year in California, joined us. The management changed hands with Alberta Jane as captain, Ada, first mate, and Betty, second mate. Our class again assisted in dramatics. Ada, Alberta Jane, Betty and Mary Ellen helped with "Prize Pigs" and the whole class aided in three one-act plays. Helen and Betty placed first in their divisions in declamatory. Raymond and Carley June also participated. Since there was no girls' basketball team, Raymond was the only one entering basketball competition.

The next year found Betty transferred to a ship ending its voyage a year earlier thus leaving a crew of only six. Ada served as captain, Carley June, first mate, and Helen, second mate. The entire class participated in declamatory and presented "David Copperfield" with the aid of a few others. Most of the class also helped with the operetta, "An Old Kentucky Garden". The entire class played either softball or basketball, the girls helping win the county championship for Center in softball.

The last lap of the voyage found Helen as captain, Carley June ,first mate, and Mary Ellen, second mate. At the beginning of the second semester Alberta Jane completed her work and entered the University of Iowa. The class presented "Cyclone Sally" with the aid of a few others. All but Alberta Jane took part in declamatory, Raymond and Carley June placing in their divisions. Our voyage is almost over with May 15 the probable date of arrival and May 17 the day when we reach shore.

—R. D. M. '40.

Class Prophecy

In the year of 1960 the Brenneman twins returned from a world wide tour. After graduating from Center the twins had taken a special course in photography. Just as an interesting side-line they traveled around the world taking moving pictures of all the students that had graduated from Center High School and of their present occupations. To help defray the expenses of their travels, the twins sponsored an all-evening entertainment in the huge auditorium of Center's new gymnasium.

Let us notice the first picture of a 1940 graduate. No wonder the audience is applauding, for right before their eyes Raymond Moore's perpetual motion machine is whirring and buzzing away. Raymond had learned the fundamentals of physics so well at Center that after only ten years of strenuous labor he was able to contribute the eighth wonder of the world However, his work left an indelible mark of old age on him. His hair, what was left, was snowy white and deep furrows lined his face.

But look, the scene has changed and the latest Rock Island Streamliner whizzes into the modern Frytown depot. Carley June is employed as a stewardess. Her winning smile, helpfulness and kindliness make her one of the most efficient stewardesses employed by the Rock Island Lines. It is said that as a result of employing her, the streamliner has doubled the number of passengers regularly carried.

The next picture transports the audience to France where in one of the famed art buildings of Paris a magnificent painting hangs. This painting is Alberta Jane's masterpiece which has brought her world fame and honor. There, the next picture is Blonde, herself, working intently on a painting, her fingers all blotched and her hair ruffled up. Alberta Jane hasn't changed since the glad old days in high school.

The next picture takes us out West to an up-to-date riding academy. Of course, it isn't hard to guess Helen as the owner. The academy is located in a picturesque section of the Rocky Mountains. Sparkling spring water, beautiful scenery, and pine-bordered trails make this location ideal.

Soon a magnificent cathedral looms into sight No one in the audience is ignorant of the designer. Ada, who had a tendency toward artistic designing, put her talent to work and accomplished this unique product. But let us glance within. What have we here? Do you see the bridal couple coming down the aisle? And listen to that enchanting pipe organ music. The bride is no other than Ada. The picture changes and a cozy little cottage snuggled in among luxurious scenery proves to be Ada's future home, another product of her artistic designing.

But what about the music we heard in the cathedral? Oh, there, the next picture brings us right up to the player of the pipe organ. Of course, it's Mary Ellen, the world-famed musician. Mary Ellen truly found her place in the world. Many are the hearts soothed, and gladdened, and inspired by her talent.

This concluded the picture of the class of 1940. The audience applauded loudly and the pictures went on.

—(Peggoty Barkis)

Class Will

We six seniors, comprising the class of 1940, on leaving these halls of learning, wish to leave something to be remembered by We therefore execute this, our last will and testament.

To the juniors we leave the privileges which always fall to seniors along with the inevitable north row in the assembly, hoping that you will be able to keep warm.

To the sophomores we donate our dignity, hoping they will "cut out" some of their "cutting up".

To the freshmen we give our best wishes for lots of courage to tackle geometry, physics, economics, and anything else that comes along.

As individuals we leave the following:

Mary Ellen leaves her ability as pianist to Johnnie who still picks out tunes with one finger.

Carley June wishes her clever and witty sayings to Clifford hoping that he will get a lot of laughs during his senior year.

Raymond wills his capacity to read the least history and talk the most during history class to Bernard who usually doesn't have much to say.

Helen bestows her habit of jumping when someone suddenly starts talking behind her on Jean who seems to have steady nerves.

Alberta Jane's love for athletics is given to Verda with the hope that she'll enjoy it as much as "Blondie" has.

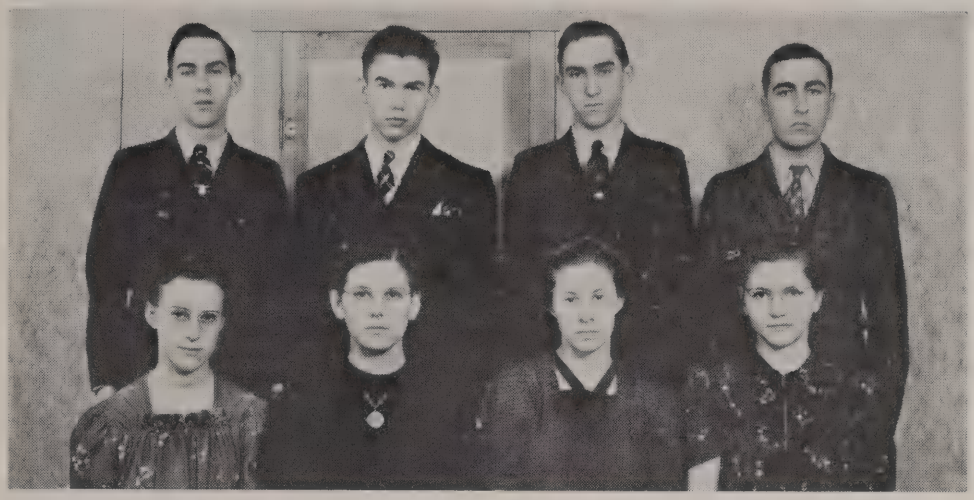
Ada wills her bashful qualities to Merle, the freshman gad-about.

THE CLASS OF 1940

Witnesses:
HORATIO HABA
SYLVESTER SIDEWALK

Stephen Oglethorpe,
Attorney at Law

Junior Class



SEATED—Left to right—Nora Miller, Myrtle Gosnell, Eunice Fleming, Arlene Hochstetler.

STANDING—Left to right—Daniel Brenneman, Cleo Dickel, David Brenneman, Clifford Grout.

Junior Class History

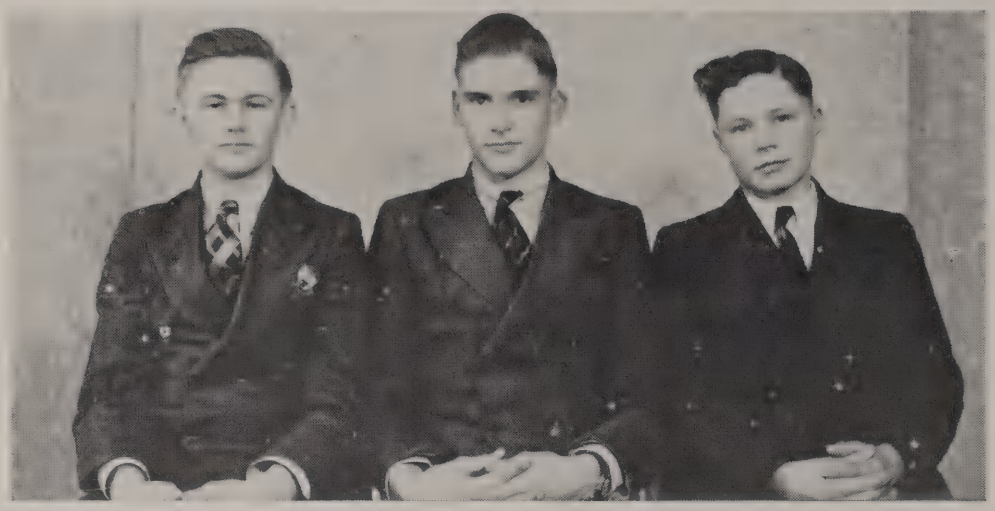
In the fall of 1937 ten freshmen entered the halls of Center High School. About three weeks after school had started Roselind DeFrance joined our class and in the middle of the year Betty Jacob joined us too, and made our enrollment twelve. During the year Cleo took part in the play, "Prize Pigs", and Roselind played in "He Troops to Conquer". Several members helped present "Three Taps on the Wall" and "Dress Reversal". We also participated in declamatory. Our class was represented in both boys' and girls' basketball The class officers were: president, Arlene Hochstetler; vice-president, Daniel Brenneman; secretary-treasurer, Luva Yoder.

In the fall of the sophomore year all of our number was found back at school again. In declamatory work, Myrtle took second place and Arlene third, both in dramatics. David took part in the play, "David Copperfield" and several members of the class were in the operetta, "An Old Kentucky Garden". We were represented in boys' and girls' basketball again. Eunice and Nora were in the girls' sextette. The officers were: president, Daniel; vice-president, Myrtle; secretary-treasurer, Betty Jacob.

Last fall only eight of our members were back. Luva Yoder, Betty Jacob, Virgie Earnest and Roselind DeFrance failed to return. Luva and Betty entered Wellman High School. Our class presented the play, "Sue". In declamatory work, Myrtle placed first in dramatics and Nora first in humorous. Myrtle took part in the freshman-sophomore play, "Back Again, Home Town". All the boys took part in basketball. Cleo was captain. Nora and Eunice took part in music again The class officers were: president, Myrtle; vice-president, Daniel; secretary-treasurer, Clifford.

—N. E. M. '41.

Sophomore Class



Left to right—Bernard Hershberger, John Miller, Edwin Moore.

Sophomore Class History

The class of 1942 got the first glimpse of C. H. S. life on August 29, 1938, when three freshman boys, John Miller, Bernard Hershberger, and Edwin Moore, enrolled. After about a week, Velma Bontrager joined us.

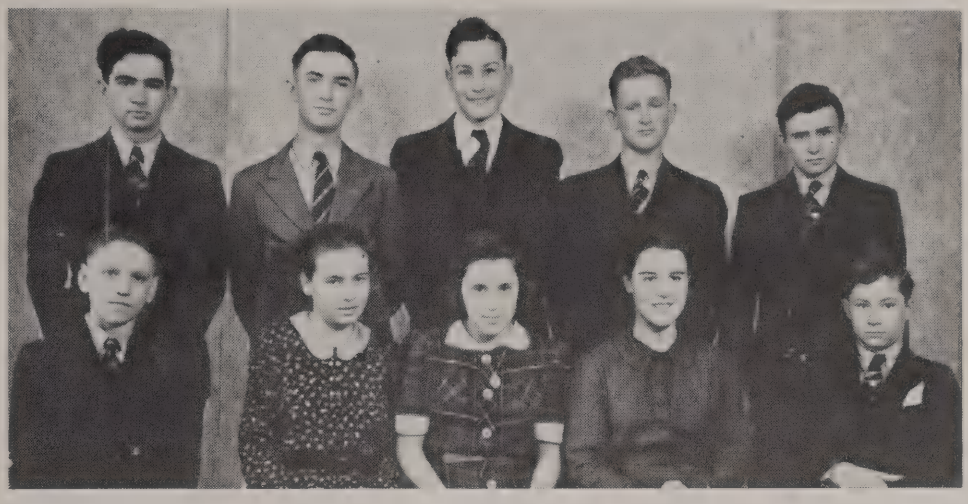
We had representatives in declamatory, plays and athletics during our first year.

In the fall of 1939 only the three boys returned to continue their search for knowledge. Bernard Hershberger entered in declamatory and emerged with second place in the humorous division. However, in the county contest he failed to place. We all took part in the athletics and together with some of the freshmen and a junior, put on the play, "Back Again, Home Town".

At the beginning of the year we elected our officers. Edwin Moore was elected president, Bernard Hershberger, vice-president, and John Miller, secretary and treasurer.

—E. E. M. '42.

Freshman Class



FRONT ROW—Left to right—Lester Kempf, Jean Christner, Merle Fleming, Verda Hershberger, Lester Moore.

BACK ROW—Left to right—Arthur Yoder, Junior Johnson, Billy Swartzendruber, Robert Yoder, Howard Gosnell.

Freshman Class History

On August 28, 1939, ten meek freshmen entered the doors of Center High School. It took but a few weeks to get acquainted and they were soon swinging along in the merry way of all students.

The class elected officers after the first two weeks as follows: President, Billy; vice-president, Lester K.; and secretary-treasurer, Arthur.

Six boys and one girl participated in basketball and two boys and one girl in music. A freshman girl entered the health contest for our school.

We are all looking forward to three more happy years at Center High.

EDUCATION

Strive with the best you have
For a precious education;
Be worthy of the life you live,
Through your more worthy education.

—M. W. F. '43.

Dramatics

Senior Class Play

FRONT ROW—Left to right—Raymond Moore, Robert Yoder, Billy Swartzendruber, David Brenneman.

BACK ROW—Left to right—Helen Slaubaugh, Carley June Erb, Mary Ellen Swartzendruber, Ada Brenneman, Eunice Fleming.

"CYCLONE SALLY"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jack Webster, owner of the Webster estate.....Raymond Moore
Sally Graham, "Cyclone Sally".....Mary Ellen Swartzendruber
Reggie Manners, adept at picking peaches.....Robert Yoder
Ruth Thatcher, a peach Reggie would like to pick.....Ada Brenneman
Jim Perkins, courted for twenty years and not discouraged.....David Brenneman
Jenny Thatcher, object of Jim's persistence.....Helen Slaubaugh
Willie Clump, the world's eighth wonder.....Billy Swartzendruber
Vivian Vernon, of the younger social set.....Eunice Fleming
Effie Varden, a cute little neighbor.....Carley June Erb

Jack Webster, owner of the Webster estate, returns after a long absence with the purpose of marrying Sue Bascom. Immediately upon his arrival he encounters open defiance at the hands of some "human whirlwind" who is known as "Cyclone Sally", but who really is a very charming girl. A fierce antagonism develops and the battle rages furiously. Thrills, laughs and roars pile one upon another until finally the big climax arrives and Jack finds, to his dismay, that instead of courting Sue Bascom he has been courting his mortal enemy, "Cyclone Sally".

Dramatics

Junior Class Play

FRONT ROW—Arlene Hochstetler, Myrtle Gosnell, Eunice Fleming, Nora Miller.
BACK ROW—Daniel Brenneman, Cleo Dickel, Clifford Grout, Raymond Moore.

"SUE"

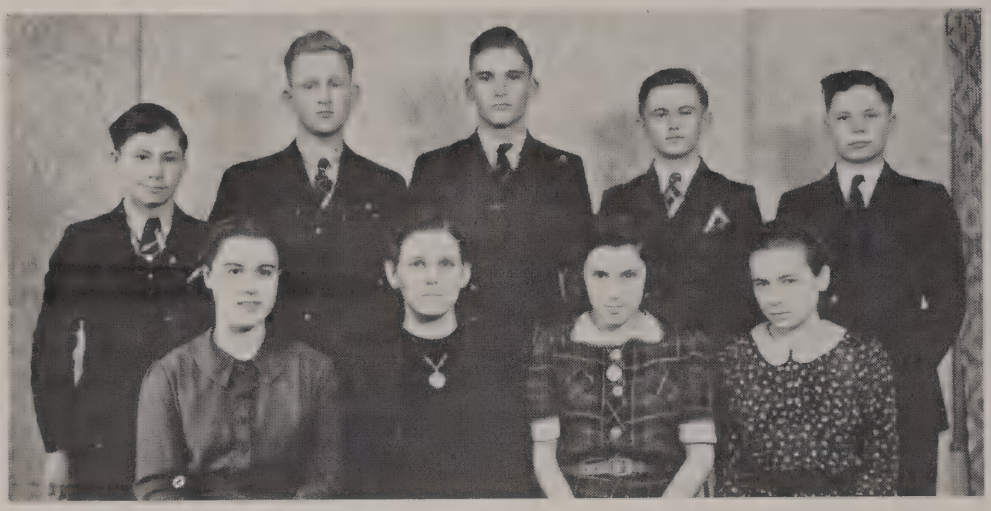
CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sue Smith, who comes in with the storm.....Arlene Hochstetler
Uncle Walt Miller, an optimistic old man.....Cleo Dickel
Aunt Molly, his wife.....Nora Miller
Harry Seymore, a young lawyer.....Daniel Brenneman
Dick Patton, who turns out all right.....David Brenneman
Jim Dunn, an unlucky husband.....Clifford Grout
Ellen Dunn, a grasping woman.....Eunice Fleming
Sarah Maxwell, an old maid with a big heart.....Myrtle Gosnell
(Raymond Moore substituted for David because of illness.)

The plot is concerned with the mysterious disappearance of Uncle Walt's money. Sue appears during a storm and seems to have no place to go. Uncle Walt and Aunt Molly take her into their home and hearts Sue senses trouble and finds Ellen at the bottom of it; she blocks Ellen's attempt to get Uncle Walt and Aunt Molly into the old people's home by adopting them. With the help of Dick Patton, Sue clears up the mystery of the lost money and shows up Ellen. She also reveals the fact that she is a detective working with Harry Seymore. The villains get their just dues, Uncle Walt and Aunt Molly are happy, and Sue finds out that she loves Dick which Uncle Walt and Aunt Molly say they have known all the time.

Dramatics

Freshman-Sophomore Play



FRONT ROW—Verda Hershberger, Myrtle Gosnell, Merle Fleming, Jean Christner.
BACK ROW—Lester Moore, Robert Yoder, John Miller, Bernard Hershberger, Edwin Moore.

"BACK AGAIN, HOME TOWN"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bob Bruce, who returns after three years.....Edwin Moore
Chic Wilton, a friend of Bob.....John Miller
Lucius Opperson, who did not leave the old town.....Bernard Hershberger
Hugh Gorman, a cashier of a local bank.....Lester Moore
Judge Avery, a power in the community.....Robert Yoder
Shirley Avery, niece of the Judge.....Verda Hershberger
Vivian Prescott, friend of Shirley.....Jean Christner
Peggy Warren, reason why Lucius did not leave town.....Merle Fleming
Annabel, an elderly maid making her home with Peggy.....Myrtle Gosnell

When Bob Bruce returns to his home town heralded as an example of great success, the whole town turns out to greet him as a conquering hero. The fact that Bob is in reality broke makes this decidedly embarrassing. But when, in spite of himself, he is forced to act the role of "the millionaire hero without the million" things begin to happen with uproarious and astonishing results And when Bob's sweetheart, Shirley, discovers the deception, Bob uses caveman methods to keep her quiet.

Declamatory

FRONT ROW—Bernard Hershberger, Raymond Moore, Myrtle Gosnell, Nora Miller, Carley June Erb.

SECOND ROW—Arlene Hochstetler, Helen Slaubaugh, Merle Fleming, Lester Kempf, Lester Moore.

BACK ROW—Eunice Fleming, Robert Yoder, Mary Ellen Swartzendruber, Ada Breneman.

Sixteen of the Center High School students participated in declamatory work this year. The home contest was held November eighth and tenth. Mr. Newby of the University of Iowa judged the humorous and oratorical entries and awarded the following places: Humorous—first place, Nora Miller; second place, Bernard Hershberger. Raymond Moore was the only orator and therefore placed first.

Mr. Streeter, also of the University of Iowa, judged the dramatic division and awarded first place to Myrtle Gosnell and second place to Carley June Erb.

On December fourth the pre-district declamatory contest of the state series was held at Lone Tree and th first place winners of the three divisions spoke. Myrtle and Nora received ratings of "2" and Raymond "4" in his division. On December sixth the second place winners spoke at the county declamatory contest also at Lone Tree. Carley June placed third in her division.

HOME CONTEST WINNERS

HUMOROUS

Tippin' off Teacher.....Nora Miller

Watchin' the Sparkin'.....Bernard Hershberger

DRAMATIC

Honey.....Myrtle Cosnell

Bobby Shaftoe.....Carley June Erb

ORATORICAL

Fascism.....Raymond Moore

—E. M. F. '41

Music

FRONT ROW—Helen Slaubaugh, Merle Fleming, Bernard Hershberger, John Miller, Carley June Erb, Nora Miller.

BACK ROW—Eunice Fleming, Robert Yoder, Billy Swartzendruber, Mary Ellen Swartzendruber, Mr. Swartzendruber.

Life is never so short but there's time for a song,
To hearten the hours as they hurry along;
Through the dark and the day its brave music can rise
No matter how swiftly each winged second flies.

Music has had an immeasurable influence on the lives of many people. Truly Dryden has well said: "What passion cannot music raise and quell."

This year the girls' sextette, Mary Ellen, Carley June, Merle, Nora, Eunice, and Helen furnished music at the recital, plays and parties.

The Johnson county music festival was held at Swisher on April 19 with Center participating in various groups.

Awards were again given to those who had taken an active part.

—H. J. S '40.

GIRLS' QUARTETTE

Eunice Fleming, Nora Miller, Carley June Erb, Mary Ellen Swartzendruber.

Boys' Athletics

BOYS' BASKETBALL

FRONT ROW—Bernard Hershberger, Arthur Yoder, David Brenneman, Cleo Dickel, captain, Billy Swartzendruber, Howard Gosnell.

STANDING—Lester Moore, John Miller, equipment boy, Lester Kempf, Junior Johnson, Daniel Brenneman, Clifford Grout, Raymond Moore, Mr. Swartzendruber, coach, Edwin Moore.

REGULARS

Center 14	Sharon 31	Center 21	Cosgrove 22
Center 34	Shueyville 26	Center 13	Oxford 37
Center 14	Shueyville 18	Center 8	Sharon 42
Center 28	Tiffin 54	Center 7	Cosgrove 23
Center 28	Solon 57	Center 15	Solon 38

Won 2—Lost 10—Percentage .167

COUNTY TOURNAMENT

Center 16—Cosgrove 31

SECTIONAL TOURNAMENT

Center 17—Conesville 26

SECOND TEAM

Center 1[illegible]	Shueyville 9	Center 12	Oxford 1[illegible]
Center 27	Shueyville 13	Center 13	Sharon 22
Center 17	Oxford 13	Center 14	Tiffin 30
Center 23	Solon 20	Center 12	Cosgrove 17
Center 10	Cosgrove 14	Center 26	Solon 21

Won 5—Lost 5—Percentage .500

Although being handicapped by the loss of four regulars from last year's strong team some interesting games were played this year. Had the one Cosgrove game lasted a second longer and had the weather not been so cold at Shueyville we probably would have had two more wins than the records now show. Injuries and sickness also weakened the team at times.

High point man for the year was Bill with 95 points in nine games. Bernard was second with 68 points followed by Cleo with 43, David with 15, Arthur 14, Daniel 12, Lester Kempf 11, and Howard 7.

David was elected captain for next year, and major letters were awarded to: Cleo, David, Bill, Bernard, Lester K., Arthur, Howard and Daniel. Minor letters went to Raymond, Clifford, and Junior. John was awarded a minor letter as student manager.

—D. B F. '41.

Center Comics
by Blondie, Inc.
MYRT
MR. S.
MISS N.
CLIFF
MOORE'S MODERN METHOD
ADA-POTATA
HI YO SPOT
SHORTY
BILL
BOB
A WORKOUT
EUNY
DICKEL
COULD THIS BE CURLY?
SQUIRE?
CYCLONE SALLY
ART, ANOTHER KINNICK
GEORGE, AN AGITATED FRESHIE
CARLEY JUNE
BLONDIE
D.P.B. AND D.H.B
JACK, THE SNAPPIEST BOY IN SCHOOL
NORA
ARLENE
BENNY AND NOWDY, SPRING FEVER VICTIMS
THREE MUSKETEERS

Sacrificing For Others

It was a warm, dry day in September, and, as usual, the happy groups of school children came tripping down the street and turned in at the large cement walk which led to the school house.

The school building was sheltered from the sun by the large overhanging branches of the surrounding maples. Many times the citizens of the small town would stop to watch the happy children play.

The new teacher just fitted in this picture of happy contentment. She was a beautiful young lady who always had the interest of her pupils at heart. She was known to everyone as "Miss Jane".

Today was Monday and a new school week was just beginning. Little did the school children and the people of the town know that this was to be a fatal day for them.

The bell rang for recess and the boys all hurried out to play, that is, all except one. Jimmy could hear the shouts of the other boys as they were playing ball, and his little body almost shook with sobs, for he could not play. He was a cripple! You see, he had been born with a deformed body and it had been impossible for him to be cured. Of course, at first the boys had been more patient with him, but now it was growing tiresome and they seldom had time for a "poor crippled boy".

Always Jimmy would sit and watch the other boys and when the game would reach a climax, he could hardly keep from jumping up and playing too. When the bell rang for school time, all the pupils ran in, took their seats and started studying as usual. Possibly an hour had passed when the children heard a noise and confusion on the street below.

Shouting! Police sirens! Fire trucks!

When the children saw the red fire trucks stop in front of the school house they guessed immediately what had happened. On the other side of the school building a terrible fire had broken out and was spreading rapidly.

Panic spread through the room and a wild scramble was made for the flight of stairs which led to the main floor, and the door below. Miss Jane was frantically shouting orders for the boys and girls to get in line and march down stairs because there were so many of them.

Nevertheless, the children hurried on in a wild fury, shutting out the sound of her voice. It seemed no one thought of Jimmy but Miss Jane. Although she tried to help him she made little progress in the moving mass of children. They moved on, some falling, but quickly recovering and continuing their ways again amid the screams and shouts of the rest. Smoke had now become quite thick around the school and the haziness of the air seemed to add to the terror caused by the fire.

The children were nearly all out of the building by now, and while the policemen were shouting for everyone to stand back, the children were being counted and identified.

Suddenly the chief ordered everyone away, for the structure would soon collapse. Everyone watched the door for signs of life, for they were afraid they might have overlooked someone in their hurry.

It was soon discovered that Jimmy and Miss Jane were not to be found. It was impossible for anyone to enter the blazing building, and all anyone could do was to hope and pray. The crowd was tense!

Suddenly two black and marred figures fell from the doorway. An officer rushed forward and got the bodies and at the same time a thunderous crash was heard and the building was no longer a school house but a heap of smoking ruins.

The bodies were taken to a clearing across the street. They were immediately identified as those of Miss Jane and Jimmy.

Although she was badly burned, yet she lived, but Jimmy, at whom everyone had just glanced as they passed by, had already gone on.

After Miss Jane was very efficiently taken care of by a nurse and placed on a cool sheet in the hospital, she sobbed her story to the officer. "Of course I waited until

(Continued on Page Twenty)

Sacrificing For Others

(Continued From Page Nineteen)

everyone else was out of the room before I left. As I was going down the steps I saw Jimmy barely making his way forward with great difficulty. I knew I must do something at once. The smoke was getting quite bad by now and it almost choked us. I could see the open door but we still had a little way to go before we reached it. I had hold of his hand helping him along. He always looked up and smiled and tried to encourage me. He knew he was slowing me down and urged me to go on alone. I refused, and when we were just a few yards from the door I fainted. He must have dragged me the rest of the way. I don't remember anything after that only his fair-ful face as he saw me fall. Oh, it was awful! It must have been too much for him."

With that she stopped and closed her eyes, while the rest sat quietly by, knowing by the look on her face the agony and suffering she was going through.

Slowly she opened her eyes and said, "Oh, if it only could have been me instead of Jimmy."

Jimmy was buried in the lonely little graveyard at the edge of town. No one ever again spoke lightly of him but held his name in reverence and honor.

On his tombstone were written the words:

"Here lies the body of Jimmy Price
Who gave all he had for his sacrifice."

—M. E. S. '40.

Headlines

Dusk was settling drearily on the slippery streets of New York City Rain had been falling continually since dawn. The whole city was seemingly drenched in the slowly falling rain, while the atmosphere was a mirky mixture of smoke, soot and rain. Suddenly a cold north wind whipped up and whistled noisily around the corners.

Poor little Tommy drew his ragged coat closer around him. Yet his teeth fairly chattered with the cold and his thin hands trembled as he grasped the pack of his few remaining papers. Even the usual lusty voice trembled as he shouted.

"New York Times—only a few left.—Get the last instructions on how to win the one hundred dollar award for the best essay!"

Very few of the pedestrians even noticed the shivering newsboy. All were anxious to get home to a warm cozy fire. Tommy was pushed and shoved around by the hurrying people. It was only with a special effort — "Won't you have a paper, lady?" that he could sell any of his papers tonight. Then perhaps a kind-hearted lady would stop and after a glance into those honest blue eyes and thin pale face would gladly purchase a paper even though she already had one.

Tommy had only two newspapers left as he started wearily homeward, thinking he could sell them on the way. But as he trudged along he noticed a bright light burning in a usually vacant building. Out of pure curiosity he followed the light until he came directly under the window from which it shone. He stood on tip-toe and peered into the room. There sat a kindly looking lady before a piano, and the minute Tommy peered in she began playing the sweetest music he had ever heard. He stood entranced, his hungry heart taking in every bit. The bitter cold wind was forgotten and the gentle dripping of the rain on his ragged coat was never thought of. Then a deep longing came into his heart to get more education With a little more education he might have been able to try for the one hundred dollar prize, or maybe some day he would be able to play the piano like the lady.

Suddenly a door swung open and a young girl entered the room. She quickly laid some papers on the window sill so close to Tommy that he could easily see her

(Continued on Page Twenty-one)

Headlines

(Continued From Page Twenty)

frowning face. She spoke a few hasty words to the lady, then left the room. The lady soon stopped playing, slipped on her coat and, accompanied by the girl, stepped outside. Tommy eagerly took the chance of selling his two papers.

"Lady, won't you buy a New York Times? There are only two left."

The girl answered quickly with a frowning face. "Oh, no, run along, Tatters. We don't have any time to buy your old papers. Hurry, Aunt, let's get home. Let him sell his papers to someone else."

These harsh words stung the shivering lad to the very depth of his heart, and when the lady saw the pain caused, she instantly bought the two remaining papers. With a cheery "goodnight" she hurried on.

Tommy also hurried homeward, but just as he reached the door of the poor little cottage he called home, he heard the terrifying shriek of the fire truck. Turning on his hee's he rapidly retraced his steps and found to his amazement that the building he had just left was in flames. The firemen were fighting with all their might while crowds of people gathered to see the horrible spectacle. The wind fairly shrieked and the rain kept pouring.

Suddenly someone behind Tommy screamed out, "Oh, Aunt, that essay I had written for the prize is in the building! I forgot all about it after I had laid it on the window sill. Let me go and get it. I can never write one like it before tomorrow, when the contest closes!"

Tommy recognized the voice immediately and because of his unselfish disposition, he offered to get the essay. The girl consented without any hesitation for she thought more of the essay than the life of a newsboy.

Tommy pushed his way through the crowd, reached the burning building, opened the door and then almost fell back as the stifling smoke struck him full in the face. After regaining his breath, Tommy fought his way into the room unnoticed by the firemen. The air was scorching hot and stifling. It became harder and harder for Tommy to breathe as he went farther in. He groped along the wall until he found the window and then—oh joy!—the papers. But by the time he reached the door he faltered, but his courage arose, and with a great struggle he finally gained the door where he was at once seen by the firemen Just as Tommy reached for the door a huge timber fell and struck his head. The fireman had reached him too late to save him. He picked up the limp form and carried him out of danger. He was met by the girl who frantically inquired if he were dead. Just one glance at the fireman's face told all. She knelt beside the quiet form. His hands were tightly clutched over her beloved essay, but she forgot all about it.

"Oh, laddie, speak! You must live! I didn't think what I asked of you, just give me one more word!"

Suddenly those clear blue eyes opened. Tommy looked straight into the face of the girl, then with a radiant smile on his face as if to say, "It's all right, I wanted to do it," he slipped away to a land where cold, newspaper routes, and rags are not known.

Never had Tommy dreamed that dreary cold day that HIS name instead of the winner of the essay would make up the headlines of tomorrow's New York Times.

—H. J. S '40.

Shallow Beauty

Jane Meredith trudged slowly down the street when she should have been hurrying. She was thinking hard. Why—oh why! She just couldn't understand it. For the last two years she had been the beauty queen in school and this year it would undoubtedly be Beryl Hanley's honor. The queer part of it was that the people expected Jane to be envious and jealous about it and she wasn't at all. Jane had always considered her beauty, and pretty wavy, golden hair, a natural thing and a part of her. She had never let it influence her in any way and people loved her for it. But somehow when she looked at Beryl Hanley's platinum hair Jane herself was envious, for never in all her life had she seen such beautiful hair. There was never a hair out of place on that platinum head. She just couldn't understand why some people wanted her to have the crown when Beryl Hanley was by far the more beautiful.

Even though Beryl, who had started to Kingston High School only this last fall, had been rather cool, proud and haughty, Jane had never held it against her. Jane's mother, even though she and and Jane had a good many years of "rough sledding", had taught her only daughter that real and only beauty was in living a good and natural life.

Jane turned into Sharp's Beauty Shoppe where financial conditions made it necessary for her to work after school hours. The rain was blowing fiercely as she went in.

She went to work at once with a puzzled mind. Presently the manager told her that she was to deliver a package to the home of wealthy Beryl Hanley on her way home, and it must be delivered before eight o'clock for tonight the crown was to be placed upon the beauty queen's head.

Suddenly it was time to go and Jane donned her coat and went out with the package under her arm. Water was gushing down the streets in wild torrents. A street light burned dimly up the street. There was no taxi in sight, so she started walking. In the dark she stumbled, losing the package as she went down. Someone pulled her up and she looked into the face of the most popular boy in school, James Dunn, and with his flashlight they found the package nearby with the outside cover a soggy mess. They went into a cafe nearby and asked the waiter for some new wrapping paper. When they began to take the old wet paper off, the lid of the box came off, too. And—oh!—they stood staring at a beautiful platinum wig. They looked at it a moment and then Jane asked, "Do you suppose we can wrap this package up like it was, for no one must know this?"

James said under his breath. "Good girl." and Jane knew that by keeping Beryl's secret a secret that she was the real winner of the beauty contest—not the contest for facial beauty—but in the contest of beautiful souls she was crowned queen.

—E. M. F '41.

Street Corner Scenes

As I sat nibbling cookies while waiting in our car on the street corner I found watching passers-by a splendid pastime. Here comes a group of high school girls swinging merrily along in their flat-heeled saddle shoes, their long, carefree bobbed hair floating back over their collars. A stout lady hurriedly led her candy-besmeared son past the candy window. She was walking as fast as she could, I believe, but her son retarded her speed when he planted both his feet on the sidewalk and stoutly announced he wanted more candy. Heedlessly, the mother trudgd on pulling th wee lad aftr her. Now a freckle-faced newsboy walked briskly by whistling and calling out the name of his paper. The last minute had given me an entertaining bit of the kaleidoscopic panorama of city street corners.

—A. R. B. '40.

BLONDIE
HELEN
C.J.
Loaded
ADA
MARY
REV
Sold!
Prof
Miss Nash
Winter
Hold it!!
Is that you, Myrt?
Smile Geo.
3 Bums!
Careful
Juniors Plus—
A Juliet
Ruth
Cliff and Company
Reggie
Just Boys

Snowbound

The day of January 14, 1940, was probably a lonesome and dreary day for many people, while others found joy in writing, or answering those long-delayed but not forgotten letters. It was a joy to sit close by the fireplace, when the howling and whistling sound of that cold north wind was heard. Most of the time the nearest buildings were invisible The most venturesome people were indeed very fortunate, as seen by the pictures in the newspapers, when car motors stalled, or some drove into large snowbanks and had to go to the nearest farm house for shelter. On Monday morning most of the roads were closed with snow, level with their banks. Center could not have school because of the blocked roads, but Tuesday eleven of the students came trudging to the school house, eagerly hoping to get more knowledge at "good old Center High".

—V. F. H. '43.

An Essay on Fruit

I think all of you have had the fun of reading the Burma-Shave advertisements posted along the highways. You know, they take the monotony out of traveling a great distance. This is one that came under my observation: A girl likes a peach with lots of fuzz, but a man's not a peach and never was.

Now since you think of it, isn't it the queerest thing for a perfectly ripened peach to have a lot of fuzz. Just when a person has picked the loveliest peach out of the whole basket and has sunk his teeth into the depth of the reddest cheek, the most peculiar feeling greets your lips and mouth Then, after a close examination, you see the whole surface of the peach covered with stickers called fuzz. Of course not the fuzz that is common to man. But just the same, fuzz or none, peaches still are great favorites.

Then, of course, the apple is a real specimen of the fruit family How could we ever get along without apples? For you know the old saying: An apple a day keeps the doctor away. But isn't it the most disgusting thing when your first bite into a juicy, delicious apple displays only half a worm wriggling painfully back into what is left of his house, and you're sure you can feel the other half squirming its way down your own private esophagus? Nevertheless, I think the most of us will take the chance of eating parts of worms before we give up eating apples.

Grapes are never bothered with such a disease as worms. A well-formed bunch of ripe grapes is hard to beat. But people have devised many ways in eating grapes to satisfy their palates. Now some like only the skins, others like only the insides and still others don't have such a delicate palate and eat skins, insides, seeds and in fact, nothing is left but the stems. I've never heard of anyone just relishing the seeds and not eating other parts of the grape. A very interesting thing about the grape is the attempt of manufacturing another fruit out of it. Well, this is done, and by the time it is completed you have nothing else but a poor dried and shriveled up grape called a raisin.

Then again is there anything as tasty as a fat, juicy cherry? But we human beings are not the only creatures fond of this particular fruit, for many a bird immensely enjoys feasting on an appetizing cherry. Sorry to say, many are ruthlessly killed through this enticement. However, as every rose has its thorn the cherry is no exception. For what person enjoys picking cherries on a steaming hot day, with the sweat pouring down his face and cherry juice running in streamlets down his arms? I, for one, find this not one of my greatest pleasures.

Well, just the same, even though peaches must have fuzz, apples have worms, grapes have seeds and tough skins, and cherries have surplus juice, none of us would gladly exchange places with the Eskimos and eat fish and blubber instead of fresh, ripe fruit of the United States' orchards.

—H. J. S. '40.

The Black Dog

It was twelve o'clock at night. Rachel Rae Nelson found that it was impossible to sleep. She rose from her bed and walked toward the window. Far up in the mountain something gave a long howl. She clutched the window in fright. "The black dog," she whispered.

Across the hall a young archaeologist was sleeping. He had learned of the myth of the black dog and of the old miner. It aroused his curiosity so much that he wished to explore the region. The myth was this: Long days ago a miner found great profit in the Sully River Mine. Then, suddenly, he had disappeared. Some believed that he had been killed by his black dog. Two young geologists, thinking this ridiculous, went to the old mine. They never returned. Racheal Rae's father had journeyed to the mine also, and he also had not returned

The following morning Rachel Rae and Bob Wellington, the archaeologist, with Rachel's brother, started for the mountain. She had offered to sacrifice her life to find what killed her father.

Arriving at the scene of the mine, Bob hurried ahead of the other two. He climbed the mine shaft and was soon hidden from view. Rachel and Henry followed suit. Henry carried a flashlight. At the top of the shaft was the opening of a tunnel. The two adventurers entered and were soon walking through the semi-darkness. Suddenly the flashlight flickered and left them in total darkness. In spite of this they hurried on as fast as possible.

Finally the darkness changed to light and Rachel Rae found she was standing on the very peak of the mountain. Her first sight was the black dog. He ran to her, licked her hand, and then ran to the edge of a huge ravine. To their joy Bob was unharmed. This and this only explained the mystery. Instead of killing the miner and others the dog tried to save them from falling into the ravine, but had failed.

Sacrificing only a broken flashlight, Bob, Henry and Rachel Rae had arrived at the goal intended.

—M. W. F. '43.

Legend of Sun and Moon

Many years ago when the Indians were gathered around the campfire the young men asked an older man to tell them why the sun shines so brightly and the moon so dimly.

"Well," began the old Indian, "many, many moons ago the sun and the moon both shone very brightly. One day the moon decided that he should be the only one who should shine brightly, so he asked the Great Spirit to stop the sun from shining so brightly.

"The Great Spirit, after long thought, decided that either the sun or the moon should not shine so brightly. He called a meeting of all the stars, and told them his plan. They all agreed that he was right. He told them that they should vote to see which would stop shining. They all voted, but neither one would have to stop because it was a tie. They voted again and again, but each time it was a tie. The stars finally told the Great Spirit that he would have to decide which would stop. The Great Spirit didn't like this idea because he said that he would have to favor one or the other

"Finally he decided that the one which shone the brightest ni the next five days should win. They both shone very brightly until the five days were up. The stars and the Great Spirit decided that the moon had won, but the moon had shone so brightly that he became dim and from that time on the sun has shone the brighter of the two."

—L. L. M. '43.

Bennie and Howdie
Quiet, Please!
Girls' Trophy
Pigtail Day
School Quartette Trip
Three Musketeers
Just Seniors
C.J.
Jean
Home ?
Bill
Shy ??
Last Down
Hi, Down there!
Merle
Now What?
Gossip
Ready !
Verda
John
Edwin
Bernard

Alumni News

CLASS OF 1930

Mary Swartzendruber is working at the home of Dean R. A. Kuever of the college of pharmacy at Iowa City. She has been in the employ of the same person for about seven years now.

Arvilla Eimen Litwiller lives in Iowa City where her husband is employed by the Johnson County Creamery, a position he has held for a good number of years. They have one child—a girl.

Fern Wertz Whetstone is living on the home place with her parents and two sons.

Edna Yoder Rhodes is the wife of the superintendent of the Shueyville school, and lives at Swisher. They have two sons. Wonder if they can sing like their mother used to?

Agnes Swartzendruber, R.N., is a nurse in the Mercy hospital at Benton Harbor, Michigan. She is the first in a line of girls graduated from Center who are taking up the healing art.

Eulah Miller Slaymaker is also administering to the physical needs of the sick. They live in Iowa City and she is frequently seen at the Mercy hospital.

Cecil Bontrager is now operating a grocery store in Iowa City. I'll bet he eats plenty of wheaties so he can make the baskets from the middle of the floor as in the days of old in the U. Hi gym.

Lois Bontrager Yoder is the wife of a turkey raiser, and a good one, too. They have a son and daughter to keep them busy. They live on the farm just west of her old home.

George Pennington is the minister in charge of the Methodist church at West Chester.

Helena Amelon Echrich has taken up the duties of a house wife on their farm northeast of Cosgrove.

Delmar Brenneman, according to our last report, is engaged in the restaurant business in North English. He occasionally returns to this community but is seldom seen by many.

CLASS OF 1935

Vera Fry Semler is living in Kirksville, Missouri, where her husband, Charles Semler, is enrolled in an osteopathic school. Charles is nearing the end of his studies and will soon come up for his examinations.

Dean McKray helps his father on their farm. During the past year he continued his antics on the basketball court. He joined with one of the league teams in Iowa City.

Donald Schlabaugh has forsaken the ranks of teachers and has been farming the past few years.

CLASS OF 1939

Florence Yoder attended Cedar Falls preparatory to teaching school. She's working at home now, but will probably teach soon. Good luck, "FAY", we hope you'll get a school.

At the present Arthur Hill is a salesman for the C. W. Stuart Nurseries. This summer he plans to work for Harry Fry "Doc" says he isn't married yet.

Howard Palmer is attending the University of Iowa. Sure, we know he's making high grades just like he did at Center. "Mort" is still faithful to Center's activities even though he rooms in Iowa City.

Melva Fleming Wertz has settled down to the duties of a housewife. She is the first of the class to get married, and, by the way, she has a baby boy to take care o .

Betty Brenneman attended Hesston College the past year. She may teach in Kansas next year.

Charles Gosnell will help Frank Rhodes with his farm work next year. Wonder if he remembers how he laughed in Miss G's English class?

Ruth Elaine Gosnell has a very nice job in Iowa City. However, "Ruthie" is still attracted to Center on various occasions.

Stanley Swartzendruber is working on his father's farm. Still can't give up the idea of going to school. "Stine" accompanied the basketball squad to most of the games and served as time-keeper.

Maxine Liebig has been working in Iowa City but she plans to be at home this summer. I guess the best place is home after all, "Max".

Mildred Baumruk is living at home in Turner, Michigan Despite the fact that she lost some weight (her appendix) you'd still recognize her as "Mil".

Grade Schools

We again welcome the grade schools of our township to this section of our CENTERIKA. We hope you will be our future students and will develop into fine citizens—a part of our community.

BRUSH NUMBER 1

FRONT ROW—Marvin Dickel, Dellis Schrock, Donald Dickel, Raymond Venzke, Leroy Schrock.

BACK ROW—Opal Robertson, teacher; Dorothy Graper, Beulah Dickel, Cleese Cosnell.

OAKLAND NUMBER 2

FRONT ROW—Oscar Johnson, Darlene Johnson, Ruby Kempf, Franklin Hochstetler.

SECOND ROW—Rosetta Kempf, Gene Miller, Duane Mil'er, Duane Johnson, Ruby Hochstetler, Iona Bechler.

THIRD ROW—Marvel Kinsinger, Shirley Fleming, Delbert Snyder, John Snyder, Herbert Grout, Gladys Hochstetler.

BACK ROW—Ar'ene Brenneman, Emmagene Kempf, Ruby Snyder, Nellie Snyder, Darlene Snyder, Ruby Kinsinger, Elman Eontrager, teacher.

WOODLAND NUMBER 3

FRONT ROW—Dorothy Showalter, Elwood Brenneman, Gladys Yoder, Maynard Eash, Donald Showalter.

SECOND ROW—Orthella Kinsinger, Betty Jean Eash, Maynard Yoder, Ellwood Yoder, Cleo Gingerich, Lowell Brenneman

THIRD ROW—Katie Reber, teacher; Vernon Kinsinger, Audrey Brenneman, Orville Kinsinger, Dorothy Jean Yoder, Nita Brenneman.

HICKORY GROVE NUMBER 4

FRONT ROW—Jimmie Eash, Mary Ellen Hershberger, Lowell Erb, Stanley Miller, Annabelle Christner, Arlene Eash, Paul Hershberger, John Edward Schlaubaugh, Junior Whetstone.

SECOND ROW—Ethel Swartzendruber, Donald Eash, George Eash, Evelyn Eash, James Hershberger, Willard Christner, Ada Christner, Dwight Slaubaugh, Samuel Spicher, Glenn Hershberger.

THIRD ROW—Wayne Miller, Edith Gnagey, Willis Reber, Mary Maple, Lester Yutzy, Nile Jones, Doris Reber, Robert Schlaubaugh, John Hershberger, Marjorie Yoder, teacher.

CENTER NUMBER 5

FRONT ROW—Lores Brenneman, Lillie Schrock, Hobert Yoder, Homer Lantz, Elvin Dale Yoder, Iva Hochstedler, Jimmy Hershberger.

SECOND ROW—Marjorie Yoder, Marilyn Brenneman, Donald Swartzendruber, Everett Jay Hershberger, Rosamond Hochstedler, Bertha Schrock.

BACK ROW—Carrol Yoder, Kenneth Hershberger, Wayne Lantz, Norman Teagre Kathleen Yoder, Shirley Hershberger, Darrell Augustine, Mary K. Bontrager, teacher.

LINCOLN NUMBER 6

FRONT ROW—Rueben Yoder, Raymond Spicher, Edwin Miller, Freeman Miller, Wesley Hochstetler.

SECOND ROW—Rita Jean Fry, Ida Miller, Elva Miller, Elva Hochstetler, Lydia Yoder, Wanda Rhodes, Roger Hochstetler, Lewis Swantz, Orlin Hochstetler, Luke Yoder.

THIRD ROW—Pauline Gingerich, Lydia Mae Hochstetler, Ellen Hochstetler, Alta Ferne Hochstetler, Fanny Swantz, Margaret Rhodes, Marjorie Rhodes, Levi Miller, Clifford Gingerich.

FOURTH ROW—Arvilla Gingerich, Cora Hochstetler, Susie Miller, Paul Yoder, Robert Rhodes, Wilcon Swantz, Paul Hochstetler, Donald Hochstetler.

BACK ROW—Ruth Ann Liebig, Dale Nebel, teacher; Ida Gingerich, Lean Yoder, Leona Brenneman, Delmar Gingerich, Truman Miller, Henry Hochstedler, Dale Hochstetler.

Absent—Allen and Cleo Gragey, Dean Spicher, Ruth Hochstedler.

PRAIRIE DALE NUMBER 7

FRONT ROW—Owen Miller, Delores Miller, Paul Miller.

SECOND ROW—Marvin Bontrager, John Miller, Lizzie Miller, Vera Yoder, June Hochstetler, Quinten Miller, Cletus Miller, Albert Miller

THIRD ROW—Monroe Miller, Leroy Brenneman, Anna Fisher, Carol Stumpf, Lloyd Miller, Junior Hochstetler, Earnest Miller.

FOURTH ROW—Daniel Miller, Mabel Miller, Leta Brenneman, Luella Yoder, Marie Stumpf, Nita Miller, Barbara Miller, Emil Yoder, Grace Miller, teacher.

Absent—Ruby, Arvilla and Ora Miller, Ruth Brenneman.

BRUSH NUMBER 8

FRONT ROW—Edwin Miller, Lucille Moore, Donald Troyer, Harold Woods, Marion Yoder, Beatrice Gingerich, Virginia Ann Brenneman, Donna Gean Gingerich.

SECOND ROW—Paul Yutzy, Paul Miller, Vida Miller, Lois Brenneman, Wilbur Troyer, Levi Miller, Priscilla Moore, Helen Marner, Henry Miller.

THIRD ROW—Norman Moore, Orval Miller, Fred Yutzy, Marjorie Yoder, Ferne Yoder, Junior Miller, Robert Yoder, Wallace Marner.

FOURTH ROW—Carrie Swartzendruber, teacher; Lois Troyer, Irene Brenneman, Donald Woods, Blanche Brenneman, Phylis Jeanne Lienemann, Donald Yoder, Anna Miller, Mary Jane Burns.

Absent—Wava Troyer, Arlene Doolin, Morris Doolin.

PACIFIC NUMBER 9

FRONT ROW—Magdalena Steckley, Harold Semler, Myrna Kinsinger, Paul Miller, Russell Miller.

SECOND ROW—Junior Fisher, Ardith Brenneman, Mertice Brenneman, Duane Semler, Wilma Swartzendruber, Esther Miller.

THIRD ROW—Glennis Steckley, Hazel Marner, Marilyn Kinsinger, Lois Steckley, Robert Fisher, Mary Lois Swartzendruber.

BACK ROW—Shirley Erb, teacher; William Swartzendruber, Vesta Miller, Ruth Fisher.

Absent—Mary Jane Miller.

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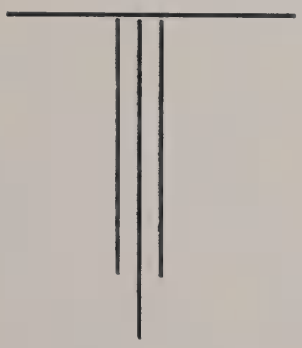

are the result of careful thought and planning . . . the outcome of a work correctly performed . . . and so step by step it has been a pleasure cooperating with the staff in producing this "Centerika of nineteen hundred forty."

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Senior Mother Goose Rhyme

Mary, Mary quite a musician,
Athlete and mathematician,
News reporter and tireless worker,
Never seen in the ranks of a shirker.

Carley June is going to college,
There to gain a greater knowledge.
She'll come back with great success
Like she had at C. H. S.

Raymond Moore, the hen-pecked man,
Faithful as an old setting hen;
Always willing a hand to lend—
Raymond Moore, our oft proved friend.

Ada Ruth went to school,
There she practised the golden rule.
Friends she won, full many a score.
Ada's true right from the core.

There was a girl in our class
And she was wondrous wise
With books and paints and poems and glass.
'Tis Blondie, that's no surprise.

Helen Janette rides faithful old Spot
At the slow rate of ninety knot;
Neither bike nor a bright shiny auto
Could make her exchange for faithful old Spot.

—H. J. S. '40.

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King Winter

The winter winds are with us,
And whistle round our door.
They blow in every crevice
And shake the carpets on the floor.

They blow the rustling leaves
And make our fingers blue.
They carol through the key hole
With a loud "woo-o-o-o."

They rattle all the windows,
And blow the chimney smoke.
They paint red roses on our cheeks,
Which is all just a joke.

Who does not love "King Winter",
And shout with joy and glee
For all the happy pastimes
He brings for you and me?

—V. F. H. '43.

Fussy Man—"Here, boy, where does Mr. Smythe live?"

Polite Boy—"I'll show you, sir," and he started to climb the stairs. Up six flights he went with the visitor following breathlessly. Finally he paused at an open door and said, "This is where Mr. Smythe lives."

Fussy Man—"He doesn't seem to be home," peering into the room.

Polite Boy—"No; he was standing at the entrance as we came in."

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Naturally

David: Have you ever noticed that most successful men are bald?

Robert: Naturally, they come out on top.

Sneeze Wheeze

I sneezed a sneeze into the air;
It fell to ground I knew not where,
But hard and cold were the looks of those
In whose vicinity I snoze.

Fair Enough

It was Jean's first ride in a taxi. She watched with growing alarm as David, the driver, continually put his hand outside the car as a signal to the traffic following. At last she said: "Young man ,you look where you are going and keep both hands on the wheel. I'll tell you if it starts to rain."

Oh!

Wife: How do you like my new gown? I got it for a ridiculous price.

Hubby: You mean you got it for an absurd figure.

Spare That Tree

Howard: I saw some spinster pines in the woods.

Edwin: Spinster pines! Why?

Howard: Nobody axed them

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The Back-Seat Driver

There was a terrible crash as the train struck the car. A few seconds later, Mr. and Mrs. crawled out of the wreckage. Mrs. opened her mouth to say something, but her husband stopped her.

"Don't say a word," he snapped, "I got my end of the car across. You were driving the back seat and if you let it get hit, it's no fault of mine."

Seeing the Town

Carley June was riding a trolley car and anxious not to pass her destination. She poked the conductor with her umbrella.

"Is that the First National Bank?"

"No, mam," replied John. "That's my stomach."

Encouragement

Uncle Wallie: Well, my boy, how are you getting on at school?

Cleo: Oh, not so bad, and I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead.

Uncle Wallie: That's good, you need one.

The Problem

Blondie: I'll give you five dollars if you let me paint you.

The old mountaineer shifted his pipe from one side to the other.

Blondie: That's easy money.

Clifford: Thar hain't no question 'bout thet. I was jes' a wonderin' how I'd get the paint off a'ter'ards.

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Thoughts at Dawn

When I arouse at dawn,
First I simply stretch and yawn;
Then as I ope my eyes
I suddenly realize
That before me waits a day
Through which I'll wend my way;
And it shall inevitably fall my lot
To determine if the day be upbuilding or not.

Surely I'll meet someone today
Whom I can cheer along his way.
Perhaps I'll dry a falling tear,
Or quench for aye some needless fear;
Perchance a poor lame beggar I'll greet
And help him gladly across the street.
Whatever task does come my way—
I pray that I'll please God today.

—A. R. B. '40.

John—"Are rosy cheeks a sign of good health?"

C. J.—"I should say they are."

John—"Well, I saw a girl the other day who was a lot healthier on one side than the other."

Teacher—"Jack, I'm only punishing you because I love you."

Jack—"Well, I wish I were big enough to return your love."

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If you can keep your head when all around you
Are throwing paper wads and chewing gum;
If you can smile when many frowns surround you,
And many tests are coming,—but you're dumb;
If you can trust yourself to keep from crying
When hard snowballs come whizzing thru the air;
If you can lose a game but keep on trying,
Hear hard words about you and not care;
If you can feel at ease when Dickel
Eats carrots raw;
If you can keep from saying men are fickle
When they really are;
If you can figure out the twins' relation—
Which is Dave and which is Dan;
If you can force Cliff into conversation,
You're doing more than any other can.

If you can keep your peace and keep on smiling
When Rev. recites for you in physics class;
If you can study hard while John is whiling
His time away as precious moments pass;
If you can play a faultless game of ping-pong
With Bill and Bernard's teasing in your ears;
If you can hear the schooltime bell go ding-dong
And still, a mile away, hold back your tears;
If you can face a tankage truck with pleasure
With no one else like Ada by your side;
If you can feel that Helen's Spot's a treasure;
And not regret the day you helped her ride;
If you have all your lessons well like Mary,
Or Blondie, too, and answer with a "yes";
Then, my fellow schoolamtes, you are very
Sure to graduate from C. H. S.

—C. J. E. '40.

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Eunice, as a waitress: These are the best eggs we have had for years.

Raymond: Well, bring me some you haven't had quite so long.

Pardon Me

Lester had just purchased a new car and was driving plenty fast when a policeman yelled for him to stop but Lester was ready and gave her the gun. When the officer finally caught up he roared: "Why didn't you stop? Didn't you hear me holler back there?"

Lester: "Oh! Vas dat you dat yelled? I though it vas somebody I run over."

The Right Place

Verda: Is this the Fidelity Insurance Company?

Shorty: Yes, Madam.

Verda: I want to arrange to have my husband's fidelity insured.

Didn't Tell

George (to his boss): Sir, I think it's about time I got a raise.

Bernard: What are you talking about? We just put a raise in your envelope last week.

George: Why doesn't my wife tell me about these things?

Strong Verb

Miss Nash: If you had a little more spunk you would stand better in your class. Now what do you think spunk is?

Bill: Yes, Ma'am. It's the past participle of spank

Daffynitions

Gas guage—A dial indicating that you have just enough fuel left to get half way between the next two filling stations.

"A blizzard is the middle of the hen."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"When Cicero delivered his oration he was a prefix."

"Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"To stop nosebleed stand on your head till your heart stops beating."

"Expostulation is to have the smallpox."

"Elaine gave Launcelot an omelet before he departed for the tournaquet."

Under the hanging mistletoe
The homely co-ed stood,
And stood!!!

Love is like eating mushrooms; you never know whether or not it's the real thing until it's too late.

The latest war reports say that peasant hunting is still Germany's favorite sport.

Coach: Can you run with the ball?

Shorty: I don't know, I always get tackled before I find out.

Lester K.: Yes, I'm feeling better after the operation, but I can't imagine how I got this bump on my head.

Raymond: Oh, I heard about that—in the middle of the operation they unexpectedly ran out of ether.

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The Seniors

Alberta Jane is five foot eight,
Blue-eyed, with a blondie pate;
She's slender, gay and very jolly,
Not at all accustomed to folly.
She's a ping-pong genius and a basketball queen,
Not at all taken by boys who are mean.

Raymond Moore's the one senior boy,
He causes the girls very little joy.
He's the kind of a boy who is sometimes mean;
By watching him this can well be seen.
He wears brown hair in little swirls,
And he's always teasing the girls.

Mary, the gentle, Ellen, the fair;
We will tell you this, she's on the square.
She's an alto singer, tenor, too—
Unsurpassed by even you.
Walk into the schoolroom and, lo,
She's seated at the piano.

Helen Slaubaugh, a quiet girl,
Her hair is nearly ready to curl;
Her stand-in is Spot, the faithful horse;
And when it comes to steeds, there are many worse.
She'll help, you may be very sure,
On Spot she'll take you for a tour.

Carley June has soft black hair,
She knows her lessons, we're aware.
She studies hard from day to day
And then usually makes an "A".
She wears a smile where'er she goes—
And she'll be missed as everyone knows.

(Continued on Page 45)

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IOWA CITY IOWA

The Seniors

(Continued from Page 44)

Ada, the timid, Ada, the shy,
When you want help, she's the guy.
We all like her, she's good as gold,
Her goodness will never all be told.
She's everyone's pal, we've got to say,
She smiles at you from May to May.

We've enjoyed you all, we're glad to say,
So journey on from day to day.
We hope to follow in your steps,
And in Center High School do our best.

—M. W. F. '43.

Names that represent the best in Quality
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Daffynitions

A spinster is a bachelor's wife.

The Tower of Babel was the place where Solomon kept his wives.

A gargoyle is something you swallow when you have a sore throat.

A woman's brain weighs almost as much as the human brain.

Homicide is when a man kills himself in his own home.

A sirloin is the only article of clothing worn by Gandhi, the leader of India.

He died of a painful melody.

In olden times the parents arranged the marriage and bride never saw the gloom until the wedding.

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On School at Center

On the twenty-ninth of August in thirty-nine,
Thirty-two students, all in their prime
Made their way to C. H. S.
In education to progress.

First in line were the freshmen brave,
Who for the first time started up the grade.
They started meek and lowly then,
But as time progressed they learned the trend.

Next came the sophomores bold and keen,
Fighting a good battle through the struggling scene;
And now that they've had two years of the task,
They've found they must do as the teachers ask.

Now we'll tell of the juniors gay,
Who have progressed three-fourths of the way;
All of them are cheerful and bright,
And we are sure they will come out all right.

Last, but not least, are the seniors smart,
Who have nearly finished studying manners and art.
We know they won't fail in the world today
Because their kind teachers have shown them the way.

—M. E. S. '40.

Daughter—"Mother, you must have known our principal when you went to school."

Mother—"Why, yes, I guess I did."

Daughter—"He seemed to remember you today. He told me what a bright girl I was, and then he said, 'It doesn't seem possible that you can be Amy Jones's daughter.'"

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The Freshman Boys

The freshman boys is awful meen,
The gang ain't fitten to be seen,
Dey is vulger in there speech,
Dey tink the soph gals is a peech.

The boys, dey is an ornery bunch,
Dey chews der gum a sight too much;
Dey try to sing, but oh gee whiz,
Dey sound just like an old tin liz.

Dey hardly ever combs der hares,
And dey look just like the grizzly bears;
But after all dey be a good group
Ifen dey was ter home in de chicken coupe.

Signed—The Freshman Girls.

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